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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

-Anthequaintance of a well known metropolitan novelist was asked how she liked her. "Not much," she replied, with a wry face. "She tries to be so bad and queer, you know. Puts her feet up on the piano and tells strange with a cigarette in her mouth No. I don't fancy her." The startled isterrogator would but faintly ejaculate: "Who could?"

-One of the lecturers in the free course at the public schools at New York city was complimented a few nights ago by the janitor. That func-"That was ,a mighty tionary said: good thing. It was the best we've had here this winter. People liked it, too. Beats the others. Then he added with perfect simplicity: "It's the only one I've heard."

-A man who has a generous quantity of gray in his bair, but none at all in his heart, says that he finds occasionally great satisfaction in cating a pint of peannts. He does this after dark, buying them at a street stand and having them not puttup in a paper bag, but emptied right into his pocket. He knows of no pleasanter reminder of youth than peauuts.

-Robert McGee, of Excelsior Springs. Mo. seems to merit a pension as much as anybody upon the list. He has been shot in the ribs and scalped; has been speared seven times through the body, one of his ribs clipped off and ahot through with two arrows, and had a lot of other slicings and cuttings from Indians in the wars.

-The guns in use on the ships of our modern navy have a plate of steel armor fastened over them and bent slightly back, so that a missile strlking it would be deflected upward. A visitor to one of the ships, said he supposed that this was a servicable protection to the men who were working the guns. "Lor' bless yer!" replied the old salt who was explaining the mechanism of the big rifle, "tain't to protect the men, it's to keep the works from gettin' knocked out of order. There's men enough.

-Prof. Da Bois Raymond, the German scientist, celebrated the tiftleth anivorsary of his graduation; from the university and the receipt of the title of doctor recently in Berlin. The emperor, in honor of the occasion, made him a privy councilor of medicine. Addresses and memorials were sent to him from almost all the universities in Europe. Du Bois Raymond, who is the most famous authority living on animal electricity, is a handsome, florid-faced man with a heavy body. His beard is snow white. He was crippled early in life and is lame. The professor is one of the most popular teachers at the university of Berlin.

rence, Kausas, had a career that has put out of the way. been compared with Kit Carson's in leadin up the Fork, towards Squire point of adventure, hair-breadth escapes, etc. He was one of the abolitionists who took up their residence in to see Mary then for mighty nigh a the new state in the days of border rufflanism and his pro-slavery neighbors | year. made life a burden for him. His farm was plundered, his house, barn and havetacks were burned and every offort was made to drive him out. But he staid and survived. He organized the first Kansas military company, the "Bloomington Guards" went to the legislature, and achieved a prominence that made him in after years one of the most interesting of the "old settlers" of

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-Dick (translating into French) -"Say, Tom, what is the French for war Tom - "Why, erser-hors de combat, I think ",-Harvard Lampoon. A-"Hello, old chap. Congratulations! I hear you married a lady with an independent fortune?" B-"No, I married a fortune with an independent

lady."-Vogue. Says a fashion note: "The return of the shawl is prophesied." And now predict the return of the umbrella. - thought he was skeert, and mebbe he

Boston Transcript. -Mary-'If you please, 'm, are you at 'ome to Mrs. Johnson, as 'as just gine rung the bell?" Mistress-Only if

she's wearing anything new; if so, show her in "-Funny Folks. -Yabsley-"Did you ever tackle any

'missing word' contests?" had no understandin'. Mudge-"Yes. The missing word was 'ves,' but I could not get her to say it." -Indianapolis Journal -An Authority on Pronunciation.

"How do you pronounce H-a-w-a-t-i?" tion of all parties asked Shingiss, "Sandwich islands," lawyers say." "How?" says he. hesitation.-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

-Beyond His Control.—Gent.—"Why

-Beyond His Control.—Gent.—"Why

Trans.—"I

"Not accordin' to law," says he. don't you go to work?" Tramp-"I min't able to work" Gent-"What's the matter with you?" Tramp-"I was born that way."-Detroit Free Press.

-He-"Remember that you have match fer her, says I. promised solemnly to be a sister to me." She-"Yes; but you mustn't act as if you thought you were the only relative of that kind I have in the gun, says he. world,"-Hoston Beacon

THERE IS HOPE

FOR YOU.

NOT A BOSTON GIRL I seel the letter, write her name-It's very dear to me— And then I add, beneath the same, Two letters—M and D.

I see you smile in quick disdain. You think of glasses, too, And little curis. It's very plain What "M. D." means to you. But she is neither stern nor cold,

Nor does she scatter ink On notes of lessons that are said Before a learned class: And from her dainty lips of red No long orations pass.

As you perhaps may think

She's young and fair, not grim and old,

The only studies that she reads Are letters that I write: he only lectures that the Are those that I indite.

Van wonder how it all may be. And do not understand? She lives in Baltimora. "Md." Means, simply, "Maryland." —Judies G. Burnett, indCentury.

A SHOOTING MATCH.

Story of the Love Affairstof Mary, Bon and Dan'l.

"I gin't much on the shoot, now," said the old man, as he tenderly hung his squirrel rifle on the deerhorn hooks over the door, "but when I was a youngster there wan't no man er boy in Poor Fork Valley that could shoot alongside of me. Nary a one," and the/old man sighed heavily, "But," he continued, this gittin old knocks the edge off a man's eyesight, and makes his hand trembly that he can't even take a drink of liquor without wastin' half of and as fer shootin' us old fellers might as well try to hit center with a moul at a hundred yards."

The visitor, to whom this conversation was addressed, made a few desultory and incongruous remarks, and the old man resumed his talk, pretty much as if nothing at all had been said, which

it was mostly. "I never got beat but once," he went on, with a good-humored reminiscent chuckle, "and that was by a feller that hadn't sense enough sheercely to go in out of the rain. Leastways that's what I thought when the match come off. didn't liveen my neighborhood, but he had a farm about twenty-mile furder up the Fork, and I had a habit of goin' up thar to seekimighty likely gal, that as darter to the man that owned the place next to the schap that beat me at the shoofin'. The old man's name was Squire Higgins, and the gul's name was Mary. Mary's a purty name, and Mary was a purty gal. Nothin' on the Fork was a patchin?to that gal, and I wanted her bad enough to go up thar sparkin' about twict a week durin' of a mighty hard winter, when it was cold enough to freeze the knobs off a bureau. Mary

kinder liked me, too. Liked me betterin' any of the other young fellers that was hangin' round, exceptin' Ben Wilkins, and it was neck and neck betwixt me and Ben. Ben was her neighbor, and the same deller I had the shootin' match with. I never could see how she stuck to Ben, he was so doggoned freekled-faced and sam-burnt and sandyheaded and ignorant-like and fooler than Thompson's colt, but you can't tell about a woman, and thar wasn't no goin' backson the solemn fact, that of Ben didn't git out of my way I was never goin' to git the gal, and it was most nigh as certain that of somethin' didn't happen to me, Ben wasn't goin' to git her neither. It was close runnin', mister, and the gal settin' on the fence. woman has; I mean these young women that has her choice, like Mary Higgins. Wan't no danger of her fillin a maid-

"One mornin' when I was on-the road Higgins' farm, I met Ben comin' down with a load of bay, and I'd been goin'

en's grave, even ef me and Ben both got

"'Howdy, Ben?" said I, friendly

enough. 'Howdy', Dan'l,' said he to me.

"'Fair to middlin', says I. "'Goin' up to the squire's, I reckon?" says he, questionin'.

'That's what,' says I, speakin' as if I had the rights to. 'Mary ain't home,' says he. "Who said anything about Mary?"

says I, gittin' red 'round the years. 'The way you're go'in',' says he, with a grin. "What's that to you? says I, not

over polite, I reckon. to see her, you'd better go down to per's ready." mother's. She's down than to a quilt-

mad, but not enough to hurt anybody, | ward. and says I to him:

" Ben Wilkins, says I, have you got 'You don't want to fight, do you?" will somebody be sufficiently brave to says he, backin off kinder, fer I

'No,' says I: 'but I want Mary Hig-

" 'So do L' says he.

says I, 'we orter have it settled on short notice who's to git it, and of you air agreeable we'll settle it to the satisfac- wilders. At last it crushes. It is as tion of all parties at intrust, as the sure as the grave-and worst. It is in-

" 'Ner no way,' says L

" I reckon not, says he. " 'Then s'posin' we have a shootin'

" 'I ain't agreeable to that,' says he. 'For why?' says L

"'You air handier than me with a 'Some mebbe,' says I, 'umble enough, but I'll give you twenty-five yards advantage, and that'll about

make it even." "Well, after talkin' for half an hour er more, we fixed up a shootin' match, fer next day, on Ben's farm, fer he was ling of small squares of stale bread that other could write: "Your devoted son skeert to go anywheres else, and I rid you wished browned for garnishing back home, and next forenoon I was on hand feelin' as slick as a whistle, fer I without any under crust and with apwas gamblin' on gittin' Mary. Nobody ples cut in halves, dusted with salt to was to know anything about our settle-Conductor a most malignant type of chronic blood invoke, for which that used various other according to the fence, about a quarter of a mile from his house, with his gen mile from his house, with his gen without spaces of any kind. When applicably improved the very way. I commer S. S. S. cat in a rainstorm. That was an old health improved the very way. I commer S. S. S. sandin' by itself in the without effect. My weight reversed, and my health improved inversed, and my health improved inverse vary. I consider S.S.S. the best tonic lever used.

"S.A. Wroom, Midway, Ga." transfer should be best tonic lever used.

Treatise on blood, skin and commplose blood frame bears standin' by itself in the frame bears standin' by itself in the them with the nuice and grated yellow for my best of the closin' arrange.

The way an old pies begin to the my with the nuice and grated yellow them with the nuice and grated yellow position passed from SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.

Address, Ch. Co. The closin' arrange.

it, and as we sot thar talkin', I seed a knot-hole in the plank about two inches acrost, and I ast him of it wouldn't make a good enough mark with the straw inside to ketch the bullets. You see I was doin' the most of the engineerin', fer Ben was that shook up he didn't seem to know his head from a hole in the ground. He said he thought the knot-hole would do, so we

went outside and it was like as of it

had been put thar a purpose. "We stepped off a hundred yards fust, and drav a pin down, and then went on twenty-five yards and druv another, and me and Ben took our places. We was to shoot ten times apiece, me five and Ben five, turn about, and neither of us was to go nigh the other to flustrate him during the shootin'. I was feelin' in regular shootin' trim, and when I shot my five I knowed Ben was goin' to have to do some mighty tall shootin' 'er lose the gal. We went to the mark together and pegged up three holes, not half an inch from the knothole, and two bullets had gone smack through, leavin'

"Then Ben he took his turn, and I was shore I seen him shake when he sighted his gun, but he shot off his five, and we went up to see what he had done-and what do you think, mister? There wasn't the sign of a bullet hole any-

"I looked at Ben and he looked at

me. "You ain't shootin' very spry to day,' says he, grinnin'. "You air,' says I, lookin' ugly and

feelin' my holts on Mary slippin'. "Next round I was dead sot on doin" through the hole and scraped the edges with the other two.

"Ben was lookin' peakid, and I seed his knees wabblin', but he braced up and went back to settle who should have the gal, and it 'peared to me like as if he was takin' till Christmas to fire them five shots. He got it done at last, though, and we walked up to the mark kinder unsartin, both of us, but thar wasn't any need of it."

"Didwou win?" broke in the visitor. in a high state of excitement and in-

"Nary win, mister," chuckled the old "That sandy-headed, thumbheaded cuss had sent every one of his five bullets smack through the knothole and thar wasn't the sign of a scratch anywheres in sight. "That ended it fer me, both fer shoot-

in' and fer the gal, and I rid home feelin' like a saw log had fell on me butt end fo'most, and Ben went lopin' acrost the field tor'ds Squire Higgins'. "About a month after the shootin

match Ben and Mary was hitched and I was to the hitchin' feelin' a good deal pearter than I did the day Ben beat me. an' gettin' some consolation out of a new gal, jist moved onto the Fork. But I couldn't quite git over Ben's beatin' me shootin' "Along about midnight, I had to go

home, and as I started to git on my hoss. Mary followed me out on the porch. "'Dan'l,' says she, kinder cooin' and soft like, 'you won't git mad at me ef I

tell you somethin', will you?" Of course not, Mary, says I. 'Nothin' you could say er do would make me mad at you."

"'Well, then, Dan'l,' says she, shakin' some, for I was holdin' her hand and knowed, when you and Ben had that shootin' match for me, Ben didn't have ne bullets in his gun. They was just wads."

"Well, sir, you could a-knocked me aggin' us on. That's another weakness | down with a splinter, and I got hot all over, but I shet my jaws down hard fer a minute and held in, thinkin about them wads.

after all? says I, feelin' mighty good over it, all at once. "'No, he didn't,' says she, pattin' me

on the arm like as of she was my mother. "But he got you,' says 1, droppin' back a peg er two.

"'Yes,' says she, 'but I put him up to it, Dan'l.' "Then she smiled till I thought the

sun was rnisin', and I throwed my arms right 'round her and says I: "'Mary,' says I, 'you've got more

sense than Ben and me put together, pertickerly me, and I'm glad you've got the one you wanted,' and with that I jumped on my hoss and rid lickety split fer home, and when I got thar I jist hugged that rifle of mine as of it had hugged that I had been Mary Higgins."

"Dan'l," called the old man's wife 'Nothin', says he; 'but of you want from the kitchen at this point, "sup-

"So air we, Lizzle," he said, rising. The visitor looked at him inquiringly "Ben grinned again and I got purty as he rose to accompany him supper-

"Yes," smiled the old man, "she's the same that was the new gal on the Fork the night Mary and Ben got hitched."-W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

Awful Loneliness of the Plains. Midocean is not more lonesome than the plains; nor night so gloomy as that dumb sunlight. It is barren of sound. The brown grass is knee-deep-and "Then it cleared up a bit, and we both even that trifle gives a shock, in this locked at each other sorter sheepish and hoof-obliterated land. The band of grinned, fer before this we hadn't ever antelope that drift, like cloud shadows, across the dun landscape suggest less "Now as we know what we want, of life than of the supernatural. The spell of the plain is a wondrous thing. wilders. At last it crushes. It is as tangible but resistless; stronger than hope, reason, will-stronger than hu-" We can't both have her, kin we? manity. When we cannot otherwise escape the plains, one takes refuge in madness -C. F. Lummis, in Scribner's.

-A Somber Reflection-A shadow.-

Fruit Pies.

One of the best ways to make pies from small juley fruits is to cook fruit separately, thicken it with a little flour or corn starch, and pour into the shell after it is baked. The best meringue for such ples is one of whipped cream. As pie-crusts when baked without a filling are apt to puff and rise unevenly, lay over the shell before baking an oiled paper, such as confectioners use. Then put in a fillsoup, or other uses. An apple pie made develop their flavor, and sprinkled with

ments. It had a pfle of loose straw in A CHINAMAN'S REVENGE.

The Story of Chew Chung's New

Game of Fly-Loo. Len Chuen Yee, the literary one, who knew all about Confucius, and who had graduated at Pekin, had been That rascally Chew Chung, who always had a smile on his face, and whose queue was oiled every day because he was prosperous, was the one who took the money of the literary one. Now Len Chuen Yee, writer of books, sat in his room, back of Oh Mol's vat bunlow in Mott street and with his head in his hands, cursed the unlucky day which had brought him to this heathen city. He was ruined now, and had not so much as would buy a lichee nut, or even a betel leaf, on the vender's stand outside the door.

He had been up in the temple for two hours, praying Lool-Kwang, the god of thunder, to strike Chew Chung dead before he could enjoy the money but even as he came out of the temple he saw the robbing one standing in the sunshine on the other side of the street smoking a cigarette, and Chew had shouted, in derision:

"Ha, poor one, shall I lend some of that which was once your own? He had seerned to notice this thrust but he remembered, as he clattered along to his room, that he had not poured wine on the floor before the thunder god, and that he had placed no offering at the shrine. No wonder Chew Chung was still alive! Gods do not work for nothing, and he hurried my level best and I put three balls along to the shop of his friend, the gro cery man, and begged him to trust him for a measure of samshu and some tim. The grocery man had not heard of his trouble yet, and so he trusted

> A few minutes later a bareheaded and excited Chinese ran up the street to the temple. It was the literary one. In one hand he held the wine; in the other he held the effering of sweet The friends of Chew Chung shouted at him from across the street, but he paid no attention to them. He went up the stairs leading to the temple like a wind from the north. He prostrated himself before the thunder god, and pouring out his treasures, prayed as he east the prayer sticks, that Chew Chung, the wicked one, the gambling, robbing one, might be ground to dust as fine as grain, that he might be singed, secrebed, burned and tormented. All of this he, the literary one, prayed and begged, because he was also a good and virtuous one who harmed nobody.

He walked down the stairs with a stately tread. like one who has performed a pleasant duty. He brushed the dust from his knees and stepped

into the street. "Only the poor and the laborers pray!" yelled Chew Chung at him. But he looked pityingly at the man who was to die so soon. The god of thunder had an evil eye and bad never been known to fail. He walked to his room hatless but with his head straight up fike a man who feels proud. He entered, sat down upon a stool, looked around until his eye fell upon the sandalwood chest in the corner, the cover of which was still raised. From a corner of that chest had come all the cash he had saved in four years, fifteen bundred tacls. Ten hours ago it was there in a little blue bag in the corner. and now-even the blue bag was gone. He felt like crying, and as he sat there with his head resting in his bands the tears came, and, splashing upon the

floor, made dark spots in the dirt. Outside, the story of how Chew Chung, the gambler, had won from the innocent literary one all his cash was passing from mouth to mouth, and before the dusky tangs were lighted in the shops, long before the gamblers thought of setting out their tables, everything was known and a hundred bands had patted the back of Chew Chung's brocaded blouse.

Here is the story they were telling

and laughing over: For six months the police had been watching the gambling ones as a cat watches a mouse. They had to pay rent, and they had not the privilege of making any money. Such a country as this was enough to make them wish they were all back home the other side of the water.

The gamblers were getting so poor that they no longer had wine when they ate, and instead of eating four and five times a day, they had to be satisfied with two meals. They who had been used to picking chicken out of their teeth could never be satisfied with pork. The poorest one of them all was Chew Chung. The wise ones said he would always be poor, because even when the stranger ones were crowding around his table he acted like a man half asleep. But the wise ones never noticed there was a strange twinkle in the eye of Chew Chung, and they forgot that whoever played at his table left everything behind. When Chew Chung sat in the sun on fine afternoons with his eyes shut he was not always sleeping, and he always opened his eyes and went in his shop when the policeman who came marching down the street was twenty feet away. It was the ones who had dealings with him who called him toh-hai-the cun. erary man won again. The fever of

He was sitting in front of his shop one afternoon when Len Chuen Yee, the literary one, came walking along with the air of one who has plenty to eat and is satisfied with himself. "Ha, friend," said Chung, suddenly

unclosing his eyes and standing up. "You are the one I want." It was like the hungry fox saying to the dove: "I cloth bag half full?

Len Chuen Yee stopped. "I want you to write a letter to my d mother in Foo-Chow," said the sambler; and he led the way down the eleven stone steps to the place where he lived, and where his fa'an-ta'an tables stood. He pulled two high stools up to the table, opened a drawer and pulled out a lot of paper, pushed it in front of the writer, and made a motion for him to begin. "Write: 'My beloved and respected mother." began Chew; and then he dictated as fast as the

grieves because he cannot send you money, and golden chances are flying by my door at the setting of every sun. I could make enough money to take me home if I were fortunate enough to possess a like amount. There is a wealthy Quancy-Tung merchant here who has learned a great American gume called fly-loo. I know a trick of the game, and I can win his money The hungry mun is not particular at

whose table he cats, and-The sharp-nointed bresh of the lit-

erary one ceased moving, and he made a pretence of fixing it. "Could you win much cash, Chew Chung?" he asked,

never raising his eyes. "If I had a thousand taels, I could win as much as that," said the gambler; "but finish my letter. When one has not the cash, one must let the cash

run somewhere eise.' "But suppose," said Len Chuen Yee, still arranging the point of his brush-"suppose you had some good, trusting friend who would lend you the money -what then?"

"Then my friend would be the richer for trusting me. I would work that he might be wealthy, and of every ten taels I earned I would give him one. If with his money I won a like amount, I would only ask a small part of the winnings for my skill."

"I will lend you the money, then," said the literary one, gladly, for he was proud to be on good terms with a "What, my good friend" said Chew

Chung, expressing great surprise. 'Have you a thousand taels?" "Yes, and five hundred more. "Ah! but with that we will make our

fat Quang-Tung merchant dance with his shoulders. And in the end you shall have two parts of his money. while I will be content with the other

They wrangled awhile as friends will, each one wanting the other to take more for his share, but in the end it was the same.

The unfinished letter lay on the barnboo cloth of the gambling table, the point of the costly brush of the literary man was turned up like a pig's snout, and the India ink was pushed over to one corner. They talked about the money until the face of Len Chuen Yee was like a rising sun, but all the while the eyes of the gambler looked heavy, the the eyes of one who has smoked opium all night.

When will he come?" asked Len Chuen Yee, feeling like a tiger waiting behind a bush for a lamb.

"To-night. But first we must encourage him to play, for he is very wary. We must beguile him. At nine o'clock you come to my door and rap loudly three times. I will let you in. The fat one will be there and some of my good friends. I will say: 'Good evening, friend;' to which you will reply: Good evening. Do you play tonight?" And in this manner did the gambler tell the literary man just what to say and do in order that he might win a fortune.

At nine o'clock Chew Chung sat at one of his tables. In the corner was the fat Quang-Tung merchant smoking a waterpipe, and in the shadows on the other side of the room were three of the campler's friends. "The police are devils," Chew was

"They want no one to make money, or even live. We have to give our friends enjoyment like rats in a There were three knocks on the door. Chew Chung went and opened it, and Len Chuen Yee stepped in, timidly. He

had his best blouse on, as if he were a happy man going to a feast, and in his right hand was a bag made of dark "Good evening, friend," he said, bowing like a woman, and pulling the

hand that held the bag further up his sleeve. "Do you play to-night?" "Oh, yes," replied Chew, cheerfully. "We are always ready to let our friends become rich at our expense." and he pointed to a sign on the wall over the head of the fat merchant. It | policeman came along, and the god was read: "He who would become wealthy, must first know Chew Chung."

By this time the literary man began to gain a little courage, so he boldly

with me. Chung, with a look of admiration at gambler had gone down the stairs with "He will be very wealthy before

he dies ' "Come, friend," he went on. "What do you play? The foreign devils of gan to rap on the door. They they police forbid fa'an-ta'an; but we can lock the door. Or would you like the

new game called fly-loo?" "I will play fly-loo," said Len, and he eleven stone steps. Then he ran down went down deep in the pocket of his to where the gambler was t'in-foo, from whence he brought up, wrapped in paper, three lumps of sugar. He laid them at right angles on the table. "Does anyone else want to play?" he asked, talking bravely. But

as they gathered around they shook Then one of the lumps of sugar was taken by Chew Chung. The stakes were ten taels each, to be won by the owner of the lump of sugar upon which the fly first alighted. Flies were as

plenty in the room as clouds in the sky in April. "There is a fortune in such a game as this," said the fat man, as a fly came slowly toward the sugar of the gambler. But it turned and walked over to the sugar of the literary man, and crawling no the side of the lump, made Len Chuen Yee richer by ten taels. He laughed as a child laughs over his winnings, and when he looked up, the gambler was laughing too. "We will have this fat one's money

he is very attentive. More money was put up, and the litgambling was upon him and even to him. Never in all his life had money come to him so eas-Why had he ever toiled with the brush and worked for others, when he might have won so much money that by this time he would have a chestful, instead of only a little blue

before long," thought Len, "because

His eyes grew hot as he watched the files come down to the table after the sugar. They always seemed to come after the lump near him. He had won five times in succession now. It made no difference to him if that Quang-Tung merchant never played. He would win what money the gambler had. The fever was on him strong now. Then came a loud rap at the door. "Put out the light," whispered Cnew

wick in the lamn was turned so low that the flame showed only faint blue instead of white, and as Len en Yee half turned on his stool he thought be falt a hand glide along the

table near him. He reached out in the darkness but felt nothing.

At the door Chew Chung was talking to the man who had knocked and wh wanted to come in. "Will you play? he asked.

"After a while, maybe." Then Chew Chung turned up the light, and like a man upon whom the yen yen is strong Len Chuen Yee began to play again. His tongue was like that of a man who has breathed through his mouth while he has slept, and he could scarcely talk. But it seemed as if a spell had been cast over

him, for although the flies came near his lump not one touched it. He felt a great sinking in his heart and a feeling of despair came over him. "Twenty taels this time," he said, as

he doubled the stakes. So strong was the fever on him that he felt as if he must win, and so, thinking himself wise, kept on increasing the stakes. The face of the gambles was like the face of a temple god, which never moves, and knows neither joy nor sorrow. His hand steadily drew in the money of the literary man and his eyes were never once raised. flies buzzed, the silver chirped and the bank notes whispered. It was always the same-what came out of the blue bag went into the drawer of the gambler. Len Chuen Yee forgot about the fat Quang-Tung merchant who was willing to lose so much; he forgot everything but himself and he wondered how soon the money would turn toward him.

As there is an end to all things so the end came to this, and the last tael of the literary man was on the table. A fly with a blue body came down on the gambler's sugar; the bag of the literary man was empty, and its sides fell in together. He stretched his hands out on the table while the gambler put the money away. Then he saw a hand creep across the table towards him. He watched it. It came towards the lump of sugar in front of him-the lump which the flies wouldn't touch. Like a man half asleep and half awake he looked up.

He reached for the lump, picked it up, and put it to his mouth as the hand retreated. It was not sugar he tasted; it was sait. He threw it from him with a violent motion, and looked at Chew Chung. The gambler was leaning against the table smoking a ci-

"Give me back my cash, you robber!" he shricked. "You have robbed

But the gambler only smiled, and blew the smoke of the eigarette so that it made a white wreath around the "Do you think I keep my place for

nothing:" asked Chew Chung. "Such as you help me. Go out; you are crazy." And he waved his hand toward his three friends. They rushed at the literary one, pushed him up the stairs and out on the street, and then gave him a parting kick. He walked up and down until daylight, and then went into the temple to pray the god of thunder to kill the robber.

This is the story as it was told on the streets. And the men laughed at the simple literary one who had allowed himself to be eaught so early.

For three days Len Chuen Yee wept over his loss, and waited for the thunder god to destroy his enemy. On the fourth night he dreamed, and it seemed to him that the thunder god came down from the temple and was trying to grind the gambler to pieces, when a compelled to hide. When Len woke, he thought that if a foreign devil of a policeman could make a god hide, he could crush the robber. So he went to walked up to the table and threw his the station-house and told his story, oar down. "I will either leave that and then went to the room of a friend behind," he said, "or take a fortune from whose window he could see the door of Chew Chung, and he watched. "Here is true Chinese," said Chew The street was dark long before the

some stranger men. Suddenly three men who were not Chinese rushed down the steps and beburst it in. With burning face the lit erary one watched until he saw one of the men dragging Chew Chung up the

"Ah, robber, so you are caught," he said. 'Take good care of my money when you are in prison."

Then another detective came up the steps with the Quang-Tung man. "Ah, thief," he said, "so you are go ing too. They have nice stone floors to sleep on there." And then, as the prisoners were taken away, he ran over to the temple, and prayed before the god of justice for three bours, and then walked out on the street with the air. of a man who has been avenged -

Freda Wilson, in Harper's Weekly. -Boiled Corn and Snap Beans -Snap beans must cook steadily for three or four hours. If you have never tried this long cooking you will be surprised to find it much better. Boil them with con, and half an hour before serving them add to a half-gallon of beans one quart of green corn cut very fine. There should be no liquor left on them It must all stew out, leaving the beans quite dry. - Housekeener.

Friendly Regard is never en-



little ones of Scott's Emulsion,

a preparation of cod-liver oil almost as palatable as milk. Many mothers have grateful knowledge of its benefits to weak, sickly

children.

"DIRT IN THE HOUSE BUILDS THE HIGH-WAY TO BEGGARY." BE WISE IN TIME AND USE

SAPOLIO

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL." Tutt's Hair Dye

VALUE OF FORESTS.

They Are Nature's Regulators of Her Water Supply. The value of forests in the preservation of water during times of drought, in the prevention of destructive floods and in the regulation of climates is gradually being recognized on all sides. We see the result of this recognition in the various movements for the planting of trees and setting aside of forest reservations. Just as man's existence upon this planet would have been impossible had not the pre-existing trees furnished a rich vegetable mold to give fertility to the soil, so the entire extinction of

In order to understand how important forests are in regulating the water supply let us imagine a scene which has been realized in thousands of places in our country. Picture to yourself a broad hill, with long, sloping sides, surrounded with pleasant meadows fruitful orchards and rich grain fields. A majestic forest covers the hill, and clear brooks that never run dry come dancing and sparkling down its flanks, carrying refreshment to the surroun ing country. In the forest, with its deep bed of leaves and moist soil, there

the forests now would in time bring

mankind to a disastrous end.

retains some to feed the brooks when the But the scene changes; lumbermen invade the forest and robit of its noblest trees. What the lumberman leaves the farmer, as if he would kill the goose that laid his golden eggs, destroys and feeds to the flames. The great hill is bared, and the plow turns up its soil to the sun. The farmer has gained many scres of valuable land, and presently

is a perpetual reservoir that absorbs the

rain when it falls plentifully and that

he will learn what he has lost. A dry season comes, and in a little while the brooks are empty, and the neighboring valleys are suffering from an unprecedented drought. Nature's great reservoir on the hill has been de stroyed; there is no water to be had to give renewed life to the perishing crops, and for the first time in its history this once fertile countryside fails to give a

bountiful return to its cultivators. Then follows a rainy season. Floods of water pour down upon the bare back of the great hill, and being no longer retained, as they once were, by the soft, root-matted soil of the forest, they fill the dry brooks and instantly swell them into raging torrents, which plow huge guilles through the land, turn the fertile soil into mud and sweep it away, and spread ruin and destruction on all sides.

When the floods are past, the farmer finds that his hill-top has become a bar ren waste of rock and gravel, and that his meadows and grain lands have been robbed of their power to bestow wealth and plenty upon him. Neither he nor his children nor his children's children may be able to repair the damage done. It may require two or three centuries to restore the scene as it once

It is plain, then, that everybody must be interested in preserving the forests that are left to us, for they help to maintain the prosperity of the whole country. - Youth's Companion.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres.

STATEMENT of the Condition of the

Wichita National Bank Made to the Comptreller of Currency at the Close of Unsiness,

March 6th, 1893.

RESOURCES. Loans and Discounts. \$644,904,60 Bonds and Stocks... 21,872,06 U. S. Bonds 50,000,00 Real Estate 65,000.00 Due from U. S. 2,250.00 Overdrafts 1,491.25 Cash and Exchange, 174,043.91

\$959,561.82 LIABILITIES. Capital\$250,000.00

\$995,561.82

Undivided Profits... 2,987.14 Circulation 45,000.00 Deposits 611,574.68

DAVIDSON & CASE

Correct, C. A. Walken Cashr.

Surplus 50,000.00

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complete Stock of Pine Lumber hittgles, Lath, Doors, Sask, etc., always on hand.

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L.D. SEINNER. W. H. Lavinospus, J.P. Atlan. State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

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